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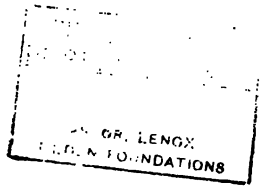
CABIN BOY

VERNON E. SCHUBERT

Note to binder :

The Cabin Boy

THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER,
CATHERINE C. SCHUBERT.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CABIN BOY

OR

THE ADVENTURES

OF

TWO AMERICAN BOYS

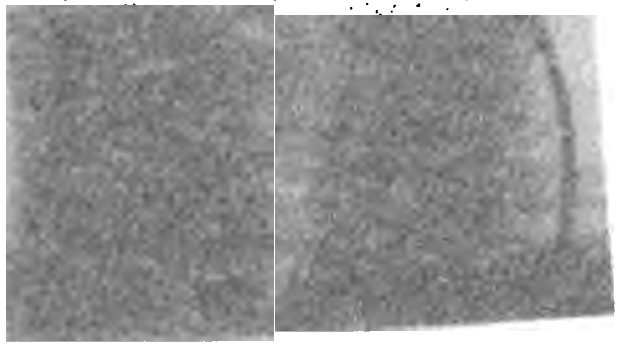
IN

FOREIGN LANDS

BY

VERNON E. SCHUYLER

THE ROXBURGH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc.



CABIN BOY

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO AMERICAN BOYS IN FOREIGN WATERS

BY

VERNON E. SCHUBERT.

Boston

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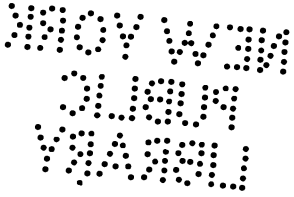

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ГПВЬУВА
МВЇТС
МЕЛЛОВК

PROLOGUE.

About two years ago I read a book entitled "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis. After reading it, I fully determined to become an author, and a few weeks later, "Cabin Boy, or the Adventures of Two American Boys in Foreign Waters" was commenced. I now place the book before the public, hoping that it will please all who read it.

Again I thank all my friends for the help and encouragement given me, during the past years.

VERNON E. SCHUBERT.

CHAPTER I.

A Rescue and What Came of It.

A boy of about sixteen years of age was sitting in the vestibule of a neat residence, in a suburb of New York City, known then as King's Hill. His name was George White, and he was a bright, industrious lad for his age.

"Hello, George," shouted Richard Baker, as he came across the street. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked, seeing that George looked very downhearted.

"Matter enough!" said George, briefly. "Sit down and I will tell you all about it."

Richard Baker, commonly called "Dick" by his friends, was one year older than George, but not quite so bright and industrious.

"Well," said George, after Dick had taken a seat, "You know what we were talking about the other day after we met Captain Echam?"

"Yes."

"Well, somehow my father doesn't seem to approve of our plan of joining the Navy, so I suppose I shall have to call it all off."

"My father says, I may do as I think best," said Dick, "and of course you know what I think. Suppose I can get him to come over and try to persuade your father to let you go."

"I wish you would," replied George.

"Come, now let's take a sail up the Hudson," said Dick.

"I'm ready," answered George, springing up and following Dick down to the wharf where a dainty, eighteen-foot sail boat lay at anchor.

Springing aboard, the two boys soon had their neat craft turned up-stream, and both forgot everything else in the joy of the present moment.

Now, while they are gone on their pleasure cruise up the Hudson, we will go back to the afternoon of a few days before, when these same two boys were out for a sail on the East River.

They had just passed the Brooklyn Navy Yards, and were still talking about the fine war-ship that lay there at anchor. They were sailing in the middle of the river. To the right, on the Long Island side, lay a long row of fishermen's boats; while to their left, on the Manhattan shore, lay two or three old sloops.

It was to one of these sloops that the attention of the boys was suddenly attracted.

From the companionway a man, dressed as a United States Naval Officer, came running at full speed. He was followed by three rough-looking men, each armed with a wicked-looking pistol.

"Stop—or we will fire!" shouted the man who seemed to be leader.

Instead of stopping, the Naval Officer rushed to the ship's rail, and, giving one hasty glance backward, leaped overboard. Splash! he went into the water. As he struck the surface, several shots rang out.

In a minute the man's head appeared above the water, and he at once struck out boldly for the opposite shore. Bang! Bang! The men on board the sloop again opened fire. Suddenly, the man in the water threw up his arms and sank. A yell of triumph arose from the men on the sloop, who at once began to

lower a small boat, with evident intention of re-capturing the man.

Meanwhile, both boys had been watching the affair with great interest, and Dick, on seeing the man sink, immediately threw the helm over a few points to port and ran the boat over to the place where he had seen the man disappear. George, seeing what Dick was doing, caught up a boat hook. Just as he did so, the man came up for the last time. He was not more than four or five feet from the port rail. Leaning over the rail, George caught the man's coat with the hook, and with Dick's assistance, pulled him on board. As they did so, several shots were fired at them by the men on the sloop. The bullets whizzed all around the boys, and as Dick remarked afterwards—"they came a little too close to be comfortable."

By the time they had dragged the man on board, the shots had attracted the attention of the fishermen in their boats near the opposite shore, and several of them had already hoisted their sails and were coming to the scene of the rescue.

Jumping back to the wheel, Dick threw it over and started to meet the on-coming boats. In a few minutes the boys and fishermen were holding a hurried consultation.

"There's been crooked work somewhere," remarked one of the men.

"Well, anyway, I'm glad the man escaped," said George.

"The best thing for that man would be for you chaps to get him ashore and to a doctor as quick as you can," said another of the fishermen. "He may be wounded badly."

Accordingly the two boys, followed by sev-

eral of the fishing craft, made for the shore, while two or three of the larger boats followed the sloop, which had called back its little boat and was rapidly making for the sea.

Arriving on shore, one of the fishermen kindly volunteered to act as nurse, while the boys ran to get a doctor for the wounded man.

While they were gone, the fisherman gave the officer a few drops of brandy and rubbed his hands and feet vigorously. His efforts were rewarded, for, just as the two boys rushed up with a doctor, the man opened his eyes. Suddenly a look of mingled fear and rage came into his face. He started to speak.

"Keep still, you are safe," said the fisherman.

The man closed his eyes again with a sigh, and the doctor began his examination of the wound.

"Only a scratch," he said presently. "He will soon be in fine shape."

The wound was quickly dressed and the doctor departed. Several fishermen still lingered aboard the boys' boat, and with George and Dick, stood near the wounded officer.

The man soon opened his eyes again, this time with returning consciousness.

"Why, where am I?" he ejaculated in a surprised tone.

"On board our boat," said Dick.

"You owe your life to these two boys," said a fisherman, pushing George and Dick forward. "They pulled you from the water as you were sinking the third time."

The officer held out his hand and gave both boys a handshake more eloquent than words could have been.

"And to whom am I so indebted?" he said.

"I am George White, and this is my chum, Richard Baker," said George.

"I am Captain Jack Echam of the U. S. S. 'Polly,' said the man in return, "and I am glad to know you," he added, heartily. "Could you take me to the Navy Yard in your boat?"

"Indeed we will," responded both boys at once, greatly pleased with the honor.

The fishermen departed, and the boys soon had the captain well on his way.

Just before they arrived at the Navy Yard, the captain, who had remained silent during the trip, suddenly asked:

"How would you boys like to join the Navy?"

"Great!" they exclaimed together.

"We have often talked of it," added George.

"Will your parents consent?" asked the Captain.

"I think we can arrange that," said Dick.

"Two of the boys on board the 'Polly' are to be transferred to another ship, so I will need two new boys. Come and see me soon and talk it over."

"We will, Captain," they responded eagerly.

By this time they had arrived at the Navy Yard, and the captain, shaking hands cordially with them, stepped ashore.

The boys sailed home, well pleased with their exciting adventure.

That evening the boys told their story and begged to be allowed to join the Navy.

Mr. White said that he did not wish his son to leave home while he was still so young, but that he would carefully consider the matter before giving his answer.

On the other hand, Mr. Baker, after considerable arguing on Dick's part, finally gave his consent to the plan.

Both boys looked forward eagerly to their visit to the "Polly." 10

CHAPTER II.

Joining the Navy.

When the boys returned from their sail up the Hudson, Dick, remembering his promise to George, begged his father to call on Mr. White and persuade him to allow George to join the Navy. Mr. Baker consented to do so, and called at the White's home the same evening.

The two men had a long talk in the library. Finally, George was called in. Mr. White looked very grave.

"George," he said, "do you really wish to leave home and join the Navy?"

"Yes, father," said George, resolutely, "I should like to serve my country in that way."

"Well," said Mr. White, rising and taking

his son's hand in a firm grasp, "I will say no more against it. You may go."

"Hurrah!" shouted George, as he ran out of the house and over to find Dick, to tell him the good news.

He did not wait for the servant to answer the bell, but opened the door himself and entered the reception hall.

"Dick!" he called, "Oh, Dick, where are you?"

"Here," said Dick, coming into the hall. "What's up? Oh, can you go?" he exclaimed eagerly, seeing George's face.

"Yes, old fellow, I just got to go!" said George excitedly.

"Great," said Dick enthusiastically; and the two were soon in an animated conversation.

"Well, George," said Mr. White, the next morning at the breakfast table, "when do you and Dick intend to join the Navy?"

"As soon as we can," answered George. "Dick and I were talking it over last evening. We have decided to make a visit to the 'Polly' this afternoon."

Breakfast was scarcely over before Dick appeared.

"I wish it were time for us to start," he said, when George came to meet him.

"So do I," answered George, "but say—don't you hope they will put us on board the 'Polly'?"

"You bet I do," was the emphatic reply.

The boys soon separated, for both had many things to do to occupy all of the time remaining before dinner.

George, going into the library, found his mother sitting in her easy chair. She looked up eagerly as he entered the room.

"Well, mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, "we may not be together long."

"No, my son," answered his mother, with tears coming to her eyes, "but whatever happens I hope that I shall never hear that my boy shrank from doing his duty, wherever he was placed."

"I shall try never to be unworthy of your trust, mother," answered George.

At that moment, Mr. White entered the room.

"George," he said, "are you sure that you are not too young to enter the navy?"

"Yes, sir," George answered.

A servant handed George a letter as he was leaving the library.

Hastily opening it, he read as follows:

Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York.
May 16, 1830.

Mr. George White,
Kings Hill, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—

I need two boys on the Polly at once. If

your father gives his permission, you and your companion, Richard Baker, report at the Recruiting Office immediately.

Yours truly,

Captain Echam, U. S. N.

George at once read the letter to his father and mother.

"What do you think of it, father?" asked George, eagerly.

"Well, George," said Mr. White, slowly, "I hardly know what to think."

"I must show this to Dick," said George, and away he rushed with the letter.

A servant answered the bell.

"Is Dick in?" George asked.

"Yes," said the servant, "come in and I will call him."

In a moment Dick appeared. "What's up, now?" he said.

"Read this," said George, handing him the letter from Captain Echam. Dick read it and said, "Couldn't be better. From this letter it looks as tho' your wish would come true."

"Yes, from the way it reads he means to take us on the 'Polly,' " said George, greatly pleased. "I'll meet you right after dinner," he continued, as he moved toward the door.

That afternoon as the boys were starting Mr. White joined them, saying that he would go as far as Broadway with them.

Both boys were in high spirits on the way to the city, but too excited to talk much.

After leaving Mr. White at Broadway, the two boys at once made their way to the ferry, where George inquired the time when the next boat would leave for the Navy Yards. The boat left in fifteen minutes and was already waiting at the dock, so they went aboard at once and were soon on their way.

Arriving at the gates they asked a guard the way to the Recruiting Office.

Following directions carefully, they had no trouble in finding the place. After entering their names on the muster roll, they were directed to the "Polly," where they found Captain Echam in his cabin.

The captain was very busy and his table was covered with papers, but when he saw the two boys he rose at once and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you on hand so soon," he said. "Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick, "all arrangements are made."

"Good," said the captain, "report for duty at nine o'clock tomorrow." He turned back to his work and the boys left the ship, greatly pleased with the afternoon's experience.

CHAPTER III.

On Board the Polly.

The "Polly" was a well-built little vessel, about one hundred and seventy-five feet long and fifty feet beam. Her beams and planks were built from solid oak, hand-hewn with an adz and over four inches thick. She was well armed, the battery consisting of four six-pounders, two thirteen-pounders, two field pieces and four rapid firing guns. The crew was made up of one hundred and fifty men, officers included.

Promptly at nine o'clock on the following day, George and Dick reported for duty. Captain Echam greeted them cordially.

"Well, boys," he said, "I will make George my cabin boy, and Dick, the steward says he can use you as an assistant."

He then handed the boys their appointments and directed them to the paymaster's store for their uniforms. He also told George to report to him the next day for duty. The boys were soon dressed in their new uniforms. They were then sent to the steward, who, after looking at their appointments, said to Dick in a friendly way:

"So you are to be my assistant? When will you be ready to go to work?"

"Right away, sir," answered Dick.

"Good," said the steward, well pleased with his answer, "but first I will show you boys where you are to bunk."

He led the way to another part of the ship.

"Here we are," he said, as they entered a neat looking apartment. "These are your hammocks, and you may use this locker together." Then turning to Dick, he said:

"Now, my boy, come with me and I will show you what your work is to be."

Dick followed the steward down to the storage room and George, having nothing else to do, strolled up to the deck.

"Well," said the steward, turning to Dick when they reached the storage, "the duty of a steward is to deal out provisions to the cooks of the different messes. You see, there is the officers' mess, the gunners' mess and the marine and sailors' mess. Three times a day the cooks come here for their provisions, which we deal out to them. Now, to start you out, I will give you the coffee and sugar department. Each cook asks for so many pounds. You are to put it down in this book as they order it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dick.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the steward.

"Richard Baker," replied Dick.

"Edward Crawford is mine. I have been in the service for nearly eighteen years."

"Then," said Dick, 'you were in the 1812 war?"

"Yes, I was," said the steward. "I fought under Hull, and with Perry on Lake Erie."

"Those must have been exciting times," exclaimed Dick.

"Great times! Great times!" said the steward, reminiscently.

"What mess do I belong to?" Dick asked after a pause.

"To the marine mess," said the steward.

He then told Dick to take his place, as it was time for the cooks to come.

In the meantime, George had been pacing up and down the deck, looking at everything with interest. He felt that he was being

watched by the sailors and heard more than one voice exclaim as he passed,

"Wonder if he is the new cabin boy."

Stopping at the edge of a little group for a moment, he was asked his name by one of the men and soon began to feel at ease with them.

"You will find us a jolly set of shipmates," said one.

The rest of the day was spent by George in going through the gun room and in seeing other interesting things on the ship.

Dick had been busy working. The cooks of the different messes came in to get their provisions.

"Oh, a new assistant," said one.

"Wish the captain would give me one," said another.

"What's your name, boy?" asked a third.

"Richard Baker," answered Dick.

All this time Dick was kept busy weighing out sugar and coffee.

At six o'clock the supper bell rang. Dick and the steward hastily closed the storage for the day and went to supper. George had gone in also. His place was not far from Dick.

"So you are the new cabin boy, are you?" asked the sailor next to George.

"Yes, sir," George answered.

"Well, that is a good start for a sailor. I have a friend who started as a cabin boy and today he is second in command on board the Constitution," said the sailor.

That evening the boys talked over the doings of the day and wrote letters to their parents, telling of the happenings.

"Well," said George, "tomorrow my work begins."

"What we must do," said Dick, "is to work

hard and obey orders. I hope some day we may be promoted."

"I hope so," said George, "for I do not want to be cabin boy all the time."

The boys slept soundly that night, in spite of their new and strange surroundings, and were awakened the next morning at five-thirty by one of their mates.

"Wake up, boys," he called, "fifteen minutes to wash and dress."

"All right," they cried together.

Hastily making their toilets they followed the other sailors to the main deck where the men were lining up for roll call. The boys got in line also and after answering to their names parted for the day, Dick going to the storage, while George remained on deck until the gong sounded for breakfast. After breakfast, George reported to the captain for duty.

"Well," said the captain, "how do you like your first experience on board a Man-o'-War?"

"Very much," replied George.

The captain then called a steward, who showed George where the dusters and cleaning cloths were kept. After the man had given the boy a few directions concerning his new work, he went away, leaving George busy with his duties.

Let me explain here for the benefit of my readers that a cabin boy on board a ship has many of the same duties that an office boy in our downtown offices would have.

After his work in the cabin was finished, George was sent on an errand, and so the day passed very quickly.

Although, as some of the sailors remarked to the boys, Captain Echam made his men

"toe the mark and do their share of the work," he was well liked by all.

A few days later the boys' parents came to visit them. After the first greetings were over, George introduced Captain Echam.

"Does George do his work well?" asked Mr. White.

"He is a fine worker," said the captain.

"Do you boys both like the service as well as you thought you would?" Mr. Baker asked.

"Indeed we do!" they answered at once.

Soon after, the boys took leave of their parents and watched them out of sight, little thinking how long it would be before they should meet again.

CHAPTER IV.

An Adventure Ashore.

Two weeks later Captain Echam received orders to get his ship in sailing order.

"That means we are going to leave!" said George with delight to Dick, as they discussed the matter in the evening.

"Well, I will be glad of it!" said Dick, "I hate to stay in port all the time."

"So do I!" agreed George, " but I wonder where we are ordered to."

"Perhaps we will sail for France," suggested Dick.

"That's about it," said Edward Crawford, as he came up just in time to hear Dick's remark.

"You know they are having trouble over there, now."

"Yes," said George, "but why would the United States send us over?"

"To protect the American people. Perhaps the consul at Bordeaux is in danger and has sent word to the Capitol for help," said the steward.

"That might be it," said Dick.

Later they learned that the captain's orders were to report to the chief consul at Havre, France. In a day or two they set sail for France.

"How long will we be gone?" George ventured to ask the captain.

"I can't say, my boy. It depends on the way we find affairs when we reach France."

"How large a city is Havre?" asked George.

"It is a city of about 25,000 inhabitants. As you know, it is situated on the Seine River

about five miles from the sea," answered the captain.

Both George and Dick were sea sick for several days after leaving port. Four weeks later found the "Polly" sailing into the harbor at Havre. The city was in a state of bombardment and all commerce had ceased. When the "Polly" had dropped anchor in a safe place, Captain Echam went ashore, and reported his arrival to the consul.

Outside the city, the Government's army lay intrenched, fighting the rebels, who remained within the fortifications defying all advances.

"I wonder if Captain Echam will give us leave of absence to go ashore," said Dick after the captain's safe return.

"He may send me on an errand," said George. "If he does so, I'll ask him to let you go, too."

Just then the steward came up to the boys.

"Well, boys, what do you think of Havre?" he asked.

"From here it looks like a pretty well battered-up place," said Dick.

"I think so, too," said Ed (for he was so called by the boys). "They say that the rebel army is increasing daily."

"Things have been very quiet since we came, anyway," remarked George.

Conditions remained about the same for more than a week, so at last George ventured to ask for a shore leave for himself and Dick.

The captain readily gave his consent and the boys prepared for their trip. Just before they embarked in the small boat which was to take them ashore, the captain handed George an envelope.

"Take this to the American consul, Mr.

Mill," he said, and after giving a few directions to aid the boys in finding the consul, he added, "be sure to be back at the dock at five o'clock.

"Ay, ay, sir," said both boys.

After landing, they decided to deliver the note first. Then they would be free to enjoy the rest of the time as they chose.

Looking at the address on the envelope and trying to remember the captain's directions, they started out, but they soon became very much bewildered by the strange sights and the queerly dressed people who looked curiously at the two American boys.

"Well!" said George, stopping suddenly, "the American consul certainly wouldn't live in a street like this!"

Indeed it scarcely seemed probable, for the boys had suddenly come into a narrow, dirty

street, lined on both sides with rickety, tumbling buildings and paved with rough cobblestones.

"The best thing for us to do is to ask someone the way to the consul's house," said Dick, "that is, if we can make anyone understand us."

While the boys stood irresolutely debating the problem, a little brown-eyed Frenchman watched them from the opposite side of the street. Soon he crossed over leisurely and stood near them. Dick saw him.

"Let's ask that man," he said to George.

"All right," agreed George. So the boys approached the little man. Dick held out the envelope for the man to see and tried to show by signs that they were lost and would like to find their way to the consul.

The man nodded his head as though he

understood, and spoke fairly good English, offering to show them the way. The boys gladly followed the obliging little Frenchman, who quickly led them through several dingy side streets. They suspected nothing until the man stopped before an old, dirty-looking house on one of the side streets which seemed scarcely more than an alley.

"Here we are," said the Frenchman, briskly.

The boys looked at each other in surprise.

"Surely Mr. Mill doesn't live here!" whispered Dick to George.

"Are you sure that the American consul lives here?" said George.

"He is at present in the back part of the house," answered the man. "Follow me," he continued, starting to lead the way.

After a little hesitation the boys followed

the man into the house. They entered a narrow hall, and walking to the farther end the Frenchman threw open a door. Then stepping aside he motioned for the boys to enter.

George entered the room first with Dick close behind him. Suddenly the Frenchman gave Dick a shove which sent him hurling against George with great force. The next instant the door was shut and bolted.

CHAPTER V.

The Rescue of the Prisoners.

The boys had been taken completely by surprise. Dick had almost knocked George off his feet.

"Wha—what does this mean?" gasped George, as soon as he could speak.

"I don't know," answered Dick, "but why did that fellow lock us in here?"

George made no reply, but going over to the door he rattled the knob and tried in vain to open it.

"Locked, and bolted, too," he muttered in disgust.

Dick raised his voice and shouted, "Open the door and let us out!"

"Keep quiet in there," was the answer in the Frenchman's voice.

"What do you mean by making us prisoners?" demanded George.

He received no answer to his question and a moment later the boys heard the sound of footsteps retreating down the hall.

"Well, we are in a scrape!" exclaimed Dick when all was still.

"I'd like to know what he wants of us!" said George, uneasily.

"He may be in the service of the king," said Dick, "and when he saw the address on the envelope, he thought, perhaps, that we were carrying an important message to the consul.

"And so," continued George, "he just decided to lock us up in this stuffy hole until he could get the letter. Well, maybe that is the way of it, but let's try the door again." He stepped over to the door and commenced to work vigorously at the lock. Dick fol-

lowed his example, but, try as they would the door remained fast.

Neither boy knew what to do next. Suddenly George got down on the floor and began to crawl around on his hands and knees.

"What in the world are you doing?" said Dick, laughing.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered George, "I have heard of prisoners escaping through trap doors, and I thought perhaps there might be one in this room."

He soon came to the conclusion, however, that the room contained no trap door. Dick, meanwhile, had tried the window, but found it fastened on the outside. It was now past four o'clock and remembering that they were expected to report at five, the boys began to be desperate.

"Let's shout for help," said Dick.

Both boys called loudly for some time, but the room in which they had been locked was quite a distance from the street and the house itself seemed entirely deserted. At last they threw themselves down in despair. They sat in silence for an hour or more, both trying to think of some way of escape. Suddenly Dick started to his feet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, whispered, "I have a plan!"

"What is it?" George whispered excitedly.

"If that sneaking little Frenchman comes back here, we'll make a prisoner of him," and Dick told his plan with great delight.

George was to stand at the further end of the room while Dick, with the pistol, was to stand behind the door. George was to attract the attention of their captor and draw him away from the door. Then Dick would spring suddenly from behind the door, con-

front the man with the pistol, and, if possible, make him surrender without a fight.

"A good plan," said George, "but, Dick, where did you get that pistol?"

"Ed gave it to me," replied Dick. "He said I might need it."

The boys then took their places and waited in the fast-coming dusk for the coming of the Frenchman. It had been dark for some time when at last they heard footsteps in the hall. Then came a rattling at the lock and the bolt shot back. The door swung open and a man quickly stepped inside, closing the door behind him. He at once struck a match, and by its glimmering light saw George in the corner. With a half-uttered oath, the little Frenchman, for it was he, started toward the boy. Half-way across the room he heard a slight noise behind him, and turning quickly, he saw Dick following with a pistol.

"Put up your hands or—" Dick never finished his sentence, for, like a flash, the Frenchman whirled and dealt Dick a heavy blow on the left ear.

Bang—it was the report of Dick's pistol.

When the boys recovered a little from the noise of the report and the smoke had cleared a little, they struck a match and saw the Frenchman lying at full length on the floor.

"Have you killed him, Dick?" gasped George.

"I hope not," replied Dick, stooping to examine the prostrate man.

Suddenly from the little court at the side of the house came a shout.

"What's the trouble in there?"

The voice sounded familiar to the boys.

"Is that you, Ed?" cried Dick, rushing to the window and peering down through the darkness.

"Well, I'll be blessed if it ain't the boys!" ejaculated the steward, for it was he. "What are you doing in there? I've been hunting you for two hours!" He held out the small oil lantern he carried and gazed upward, trying to see something of the two boys.

"We're mighty glad to see you!" said George, who now stood beside Dick.

"We have been prisoners for several hours," added Dick.

"You don't say!" exclaimed one of the sailors who was with the steward.

"Dick has just shot our captor," continued George, "come around to the door and we'll tell you all about it."

Just as the steward and his companions arrived at the door it was flung open and the Frenchman came running out, closely followed by the boys.

"Halt!" shouted the steward and he started in pursuit. "Halt, I say, or I will fire."

"I surrender," said the Frenchman, throwing up one hand.

"Put up your other hand!" thundered the steward, advancing to his prisoner.

"I can't," answered the man, "I am shot through my shoulder.

The steward handed his pistol to George while he examined the wound. By this time the rest of the party, which consisted of three sailors and a Frenchman, who acted as a guide, came up.

"You made a pretty good shot that time," remarked the steward, "the bullet broke his shoulder blade. Why did you want to make prisoners of these boys?" he added, turning to the Frenchman.

"That's my own affair," was the sharp reply.

"It's time we were at the ship," said one of the sailors.

"Yes, we must be going," answered the steward. "We'll leave this fellow with the consul on our way back."

As they started on their journey the prisoner looked about covertly.

"Don't try to escape," commanded the steward sternly. "You will suffer for it if you do."

After the party was fairly started, the boys were asked to "spin their yarn."

When the adventure was told all agreed that, for a time at least, the boys had had an exciting experience.

"What did the captain say when we didn't turn up at the appointed time?" asked Dick.

"Well, he did not say much at first, but as I was closing up the storage, he came to me and

asked if I knew where you boys were going when you came ashore."

" 'No, captain, I don't,' sez I."

" 'Well,' sez he, looking kind of worried, 'I'm afraid some harm has come to them. They are not boys to break their word.'

" 'No, captain, they ain't,' sez I."

" 'Well,' he sez, after a minute, 'if they don't show up after supper, I'll send a note to Mr. Mill asking if he has seen or heard of them.' So, seeing you didn't turn up, he sent for me and gave me a letter to the consul."

" 'Pick out three men to go with you,' sez he, "try to be back by ten o'clock, but stay until you find those two rascals.' "

"Ay, ay, sir,' sez I, and then I picked out three of the best men and we started."

"When we reached Mr. Mill's office, he read the letter I gave him."

"'Why,' sez he, 'no boys have been here this afternoon. Something must have happened. We must look into this.'

"He rang a bell, and a man appeared. The two men talked a minute and then turned to me.

"'This man says he saw two boys dressed as United States sailors, talking with a little Frenchman on —— Street. He will take you there.'"

"So we started off. Just as we turned into that crooked little street, we heard Dick's shot—you know the rest," finished the good-hearted steward, quite out of breath.

They soon reached the consul's office, and although it was quite late, Mr. Mill was still there. After hearing a brief account of the affair, he ordered the little Frenchman to be searched. Several papers were taken from

him which proved what the boys had suspected—that he was a spy in the service of the royal forces. He was led away to be locked up until the morning, when his fate would be decided upon.

The consul handed the steward a letter for Captain Echam and the little party of American sailors departed. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived on board the "Polly."

"Too late to report tonight," said the steward. "Turn in boys; we'll tell the captain all about it in the morning."

The boys needed no second bidding, for they were worn out with the exciting events of the day, so rolling themselves up in their hammocks, they were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

The Causes of the French Revolution.

The next morning after breakfast the steward and the two boys reported to the captain. After reading the letter from the Consul, he asked George to tell his story. When he finished the account the captain said,

"Well, you had an exciting time and I am glad you are safe on ship-board again."

Later in the day, Mr. Mill came aboard the "Polly" for a talk with the captain. George was busy in the captain's cabin, but neither of the men noticed him for they seemed much excited.

"So the revolutionists have at last overthrown the Government," the captain was saying as they entered the room.

"Yes," answered the consul, "they have

proclaimed a republic and have offered the Presidency to Lafayette, but he has declined the honor. He is in favor of making Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, Lieutenant General of the Kingdom."

"What were the real causes of all this trouble?" asked the captain.

"King Charles imagined himself supreme," replied Mr. Mill, "and levied heavy taxes on the people, disregarding their rights as subjects and their growing dissatisfaction with his rule. At last, however, when Charles signed an 'Orders in Council' which dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, took away the liberty of the press for an unlimited time and changed the electoral law, the people rebelled."

"Don't blame 'em a bit," chuckled the captain, "we Americans wouldn't have put up with that old king very long."

"Of course," the Consul went on, "Paris was the center of all the trouble. All the work stopped and the people tore up whole streets to make barricades. The pupils of the Polytechnic School joined themselves to the citizens' side, broke open the gates and floated the tricolor flag on the towers of Notre Dame. By this time the king began to see that it was no longer a riot, but a revolution."

"Did he try to pacify the people?" asked the captain.

"Not he," said the Consul, "what he did was to declare Paris under a state of siege and then the 'three days'' revolution began. All classes except the nobility joined in the rebellion and every house was fortified. When at last the king saw his mistake and tried to make amends, the people no longer listened to him, but declared him to be deposed."

"They did just right!" said the captain, heartily.

"Lafayette does not wish a republic for France in her present condition," said Mr. Mill, "he thinks what the French people need is a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions."

"Does the Duke of Orleans approve of Lafayette's plan?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the consul, "and I think he will accept the crown."

"So the war is over," said the captain, half to himself as he arose and started toward a cupboard. "Why, boy!" he exclaimed, noticing George for the first time, "are you here?"

"I was so interested that I never thought of leaving the room," apologized George.

He started for the door at once, but Captain Echam said good naturedly,

"No harm done, my boy. You need not leave."

As George turned back, Mr. Mill said to him,

"Well, have you recovered from the excitement of yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," answered George. "How is that little French spy?"

"He escaped during the night," answered the consul.

"Escaped!" gasped George in amazement. "How could he!"

"I don't know," the consul said, "when the door of his cell was opened this morning, he had gone. A note was found, saying that you and your companion had 'better look out for him in the future.' "

"Oh, Dick," said George, when next he saw his friend, "Heard the news?"

"About the new king?" asked Dick.

"No, I mean about our slippery little Frenchman," said George.

"Did he die from the shot I gave him?" inquired Dick.

"It might have been better for us if he had. He has escaped."

"Escaped! Do you mean to tell me he has escaped?"

"Yes, last night, and left a note for us, warning us to 'look out for him.'"

"Well, we'll do that all right!" replied Dick.

That aftrnoon the boys received long and welcome letters from home. George's read, in part, as follows:

Kings Hill, New York.
August 4th, 1830.

My Dear Son:—

I have been thinking of writing to you for

the last few days, but have been very busy. The weather is very hot, this time of the year, and your mother and I are glad to get out of the city for a sail every evening. Last night we had a fine ride up the Hudson.

Dick's father and mother have given up their house for the rest of the summer and gone to the country.

How do you enjoy seeing France? Have you had any adventures or done any fighting?

Your mother and I are expecting a long letter from you.

My regards to Captain Echam.

Your affectionate father,

E. J. White.

George felt strangely homesick after reading his letter. Dick, too, had been reading his letter, but neither boy felt like speaking for a time. The appearance of some of the

sailors, who demanded the story of their adventure, proved a welcome diversion.

The next evening came orders for the "Polly" to start at once for Caen where a few American families were in danger. They arrived at their destination late the next day. Caen is on the English Channel, about one hundred and fifty miles from Havre. The town, at the time of our story, consisted of about eight thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of which were loyal to the king.

Ever since there had been the first possibility of a revolution, the Americans in Caen had sympathized with the revolutionists. A few days previously, an American, Frank Greene, became engaged in a heated dispute with one of the king's most loyal men. The man grew angry, and drawing a pistol, fired on Frank. Several Americans promptly res-

cued him and attacked the royalist. A crowd soon gathered and the Americans were forced to run for their lives, carrying with them Frank, who was wounded severely. The friends of the Royalist pursued, but the Americans reached the house of their leader, John Cham, in safety. They managed to blockade the house and send word to the American Consul for help. Until it came they were doing their best to resist the enemy.

The captain ordered Lieutenant Jacob with twenty-five men, including George, to land at once and go to the aid of the plucky Americans.

CHAPTER VII.

The Young Hero.

The party of American sailors landed safely and proceeded at once to the rescue of their countrymen. The men made a fine appearance as they marched up from the wharf with Lieutenant Jacobs at the head and George, carrying the Stars and Stripes, walking beside him.

The house of John Cham was just across the Caen River and the Americans expected to have no difficulty in reaching the place, but discovered that a barricade had been made on the other side, and was well guarded by a party of French soldiers.

The Lieutenant ordered a halt and advanced across the bridge alone, carrying a white flag

the rain was coming down in torrents.

"Let's put on our raincoats and go on deck," shouted George, to make himself heard above the noise of the storm.

Dick nodded his head to show his consent to the plan and in a few minutes both boys were on the after deck, holding tightly to the rail and watching the waves as they washed against the hull of the ship.

Suddenly someone caught Dick around the waist and before George realized that anything had happened, he saw his chum tossed overboard.

"George!" gasped Dick, as he disappeared over the side of the ship.

By the same flash of lightning which revealed to George, the fate of Dick, he saw, standing beside him, a man grinning with pleasure.

"Mr. Herman, come quickly!" he cried. "Help! Help!"

His sentence was cut short by Reid, for it was he, who caught him by the throat and tried to force him overboard. The boy struggled desperately, but it was of no avail. The man overpowered him and in another minute he felt the cold water of the sea closing over him.

CHAPTER IX.

Cast Ashore on Treasure Island.

George never knew how far down into the depths of the Mediterranean sea he descended. He closed his mouth and held his breath, as he felt the sea shift and whirl around him. When he came to the surface, he puffed like a porpoise. At first all was dark and he saw nothing of his surroundings, but the intense blackness was soon broken by a lurid flash of lightning which gave George a glimpse of the "Polly," now fast receding from sight.

"Gone!" groaned the boy. "Oh, they must come back. Surely they wouldn't desert Dick and me like this!" He added wildly.

He was almost ready to give up in despair, worn out with his struggle with the waves,

when another flash of lightning revealed a broken spar, floating less than a dozen feet away. Putting forth his fast-failing strength, he struck out for the spar. It was hard work to swim in that high sea and when finally he did reach his goal, the boy was utterly exhausted. With something to cling to and with the hope, however faint, of being rescued, George's courage came back to him, and, clinging bravely to his bit of wood, he hoped and prayed for help. On and on he floated, tossed here and there by the waves, but no help came. The minutes lengthened into hours, and, although the storm still raged fiercely and the waves were rough, the thunder and lightning occurred with less and less frequency. Twice, exhausted, George loosened his grasp, twice he struggled and regained his hold on the spar.

It was about three o'clock in the morning. George had given up all hope of being rescued. He began to wonder where Dick was and whether or not he was still alive. Then his thoughts turned to the "Polly" and he remembered Reid.

"Oh, the villain, if only someone had seen him throw us overboard," he exclaimed.

Just then a flash of lightning lit up the surroundings and George saw something which made him give a faint shout of delight.

"Land," he cried. "Land, directly ahead of me. Thank God, I shall soon be safe."

It was true. The low, shelving coast of an island stretched before him. He had already entered the breakers. The instant that he felt his feet touch bottom, George made a rush for the shore. When he had felt his way a safe distance from the edge of the

water, he fell to the ground exhausted, just as the first streaks of a new day began to appear in the east.

In this position George fell into a dreamless sleep. How long he slept, he never knew, but suddenly he became conscious that someone was shaking him by the shoulders and was saying excitedly—

"George, George, wake up. Don't you know me, old fellow?" George sleepily opened his eyes, then suddenly scrambled to his feet, crying—

"Dick, how in the world did you get here?"

"How did you?" retorted Dick. "I thought you were safe and sound on board the 'Polly,' as I would have been, if that rascal of a Reid hadn't pitched me overboard."

"But Dick, how did you escape those great waves? It was all I could do to keep above

water, and I clung to that spar over yonder."

"Well, George, it was this way," said Dick. "When I went overboard, instead of landing in the water, I fell into the jolly-boat. Didn't you hear the thud I made when I struck?"

"No," answered George.

"The boat had slipped from its place during the storm and was soon washed away from the 'Polly' altogether by a great wave."

"Were you hurt when you fell?" asked George.

"I was bruised a good deal and very much dazed—too upset to call for help or to realize where I really was until too late," answered Dick. "When I did come to myself, the boat was tossing up and down on the waves. How long I drifted, I do not know, but suddenly I felt the bow of my boat driven upon something hard. A second later, a flash of light-

ning showed me that it was land. Jumping out, I managed to pull the boat up the beach a safe distance and then waited for daylight. As soon as I could see, I started out to explore and found you here asleep! Maybe I wasn't surprised!"

"Gee," said George, "we have both had an adventure, but I'm about frozen. Wish we had a fire, but how are we to light one? Neither of us has a flint."

"Oh, but we have," answered Dick, pulling the desired article from his pocket."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Dick.

"'Ed gave it to me," Dick answered. "iIf we can just find some wood dry enough to light, we'll be all right."

After a long search, some suitable wood was gathered for a fire and both boys were

glad to sit down to rest and dry their wet clothing before the cheerful blaze.

By this time, the sun had risen in the sky. The storm of the night before had passed and the sea, sparkling in the sunlight, stretched away before them, its blue distance unrelieved by any sign of a sail.

The island on which the two boys had been so fortunately cast, sloped gently up from the sea. Except for a narrow beach of fine white sand, it appeared to be covered with a heavy growth of tropical trees and plants. The only visible living creatures which the boys saw were the gorgeously colored birds, flitting about from tree to tree. Dick had contrived a rude kind of sling, and, after several vain attempts, succeeded in bringing down two of the birds which, when roasted over the glow-

ing coals of the fire, made an appetizing meal for the hungry castaways.

"This island seems to be mostly forest, doesn't it?" remarked Dick as he finished eating.

"We will soon see," answered George scrambling to his feet and throwing off his coat. Going to a tall tree which stood near the beach, he began to climb up the trunk. No sooner had he reached the top than he gave a wild yell.

"What's the matter, George?" cried Dick, "Do you see a sail?"

"No," George answered, "but over on the other side of the island I see a small hut."

"Do you see any people?"

"No, the place seems to be deserted."

After taking a hasty survey of the island, George descended.

"Let's make straight for that hut," he said when he again stood beside his companion.

"I'm with you," Dick replied. So the two were soon walking rapidly along the beach, intending to follow it around to the other side of the island.

They had covered about half the distance when George suddenly stopped, exclaiming—

"There, we forgot the boat!"

"Well, what of it?" said Dick, coolly.

"You won't feel so good about it when the tide comes in and carries our little boat off to sea," answered George.

"Don't excite yourself so much. I tied it to a tree this morning," Dick said, laughing at George, who at once set out again at a brisk pace.

They did not stop again until they came in sight of the hut. Then both boys halted,

and finding short, thick sticks for themselves, advanced very cautiously.

The place seemed entirely deserted, but they waited behind some thick underbrush, just at the edge of the clearing, for a time, waiting for the owner to appear.

The hut itself seemed to be built, partly from roughly hewn logs and partly from the riggings and timber of a ship. Around the house, a small clearing had been made, where the boys noticed that at some time, crops had been planted.

"It doesn't look to me as if anyone had been here for a long time," whispered George.

"Let's go and look at the place," said Dick.

"All right, come on," answered George.

When they reached the door, George rapped loudly twice, but received no answer. Trying the door, he found that it was unlocked, so, swinging it open, he stepped inside, followed by Dick.

CHAPTER X.

The Search for the Hidden Treasure.

The interior of the hut consisted of one room, which was neatly furnished with a plain, square table, two chairs, a bed and a small bureau. Opposite the door was a small, roughly made fire-place with a kettle in it.

"It looks as if there hadn't been a fire here for a long time," said Dick, as he stepped over and examined the fire-place.

George, too, began to walk excitedly about the room, examining the furniture and looking with great interest at a fine collection of curious shells which had been arranged on a set of home-made shelves.

"George," said Dick, "wouldn't you like to know who built this place?"

"I should say so," George answered. "It seems to me that we are not the first shipwrecked sailors on this island."

Dick turned to a cupboard which was built into the wall and began mechanically to open and close the doors. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Look here!"

George turned and saw Dick waving an old, dusty note book above his head.

In an instant, all else forgotten, both boys were bending over the book, eagerly scanning the closely written pages.

A loose sheet of paper folded in the front of the book read as follows:

"I am Captain Robert Myers, of the 'Stark,' which was wrecked a half mile or less off the east coast of this island. All my crew

perished, except my first mate, Jake Houty. With great difficulty we made our way to the shore of this island. The wreck of the good ship 'Stark' lay not far from the shore, and, by building a raft and making several trips to the vessel, we were able to save many useful and valuable articles, besides much timber, before the sea washed it to pieces.

"After exploring the island thoroughly, we decided to build a rude shelter on the southern shore, where we lived for two long years. A short time ago we finished building a rough boat from the timber which we had saved from the 'Stark,' in which we now set sail, on this twenty-second day of August, 1829.

"Among other things, we brought ten thousand pounds from the ship. Unable to take it away with us in our little boat, we hid it

on the island. It belongs to whoever finds it.

"Captain Robert Myers.

"Jake Houty."

"August 22, 1829."

"Wow!" cried Dick. "£10,000! How I wish I could lay my hands on it!"

"Don't get so excited, Dick," advised George. "Someone may have been here before us and found the money."

"No, I do not believe any one has been here. We never would have seen this paper if some one had come here before us," exclaimed Dick.

"It says in another part of this note book that there is a barrel of flour, another of salt pork, and two cases of canned vegetables in a small cellar under this hut," said George presently.

"Good," said Dick, "we won't starve for

a while, at any rate, but, oh, if we could only find that money."

"What could we do with it here if we did find it?" said George.

"Why," answered Dick, "just think of the good times we could have when we get back home."

"If we get back home," George amended.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we have about one chance in a hundred of ever seeing home again."

"How do you figure that out?" Dick inquired.

"Well," George replied, "here we are on this lonely island, probably many miles from the course of any ship, no one knows where we are or anything of us, and we have no way of letting anyone hear from us. It's up to us to get away from here ourselves without help from anyone."

"But, George," began Dick, "can't we build a boat the way Captain Myer did?"

"Yes, of course, if we had the lumber and tools."

"We have both," cried Dick, stepping to the window and pointing to a good-sized pile of timber, not twenty feet away from the hut. "And as for tools," he continued, "here are plenty of them in the cupboard."

"That settles the matter," said George, "we can begin to build a boat as soon as we like."

"Let's be exploring around and see if we can't find that money," Dick said, and began to turn the things in the bureau drawers upside down.

"Nothing here," he announced a minute or two later. "Now for the bed."

"What are you going to do to the bed?"

asked George, laughing. "I think that story about the hidden money is a joke."

"What am I going to do?" demanded Dick, "joke or no joke, I am going to see whether that money is hidden in the bed.

"Dick, you foolish boy," said George. "Do you suppose that the money, if there is any, would be hidden in such an easy place as that?"

"I think that whoever went off and left the money would be just the kind of fellow to hide it in a bed."

So saying, Dick seized the pillows with a firm hand and sent them flying over in George's direction. The pillows were followed by a quilt, so well aimed that it struck George full on the head, almost knocking him over.

"Hey, what are you trying to do?" yelled George, dodging a blanket.

"Merely trying to wake you up, my son," answered Dick. "Now come on and help me straighten out this mess."

"Now what?" asked George when the room was again in order.

"Let's explore the cellar for something to eat and then go back and get the jolly-boat," Dick said. "I'll get the grub, while you make a fire."

So, while Dick explored the cellar and the clearing about the house, George built a fire in the fire-place, filled the kettle with water from a near-by spring and set it over the fire to heat. Dick soon returned bringing with him a hunk of salt pork, some flour, a few hard biscuits from the cellar, and some potatoes and fruit which he found growing

in the garden at the back of the building. Dinner was soon over and the boys started back to the place where they had left the jolly-boat early in the morning. They did not hurry, as the sun was very hot, but walked leisurely along, keeping in the shade as much as possible, and enjoying the beautiful flowers and birds.

Arriving at the boat, they at once began to make preparations to get the boat back to camp. Only one oar was left, the other having been washed away during the storm of the night before, so they decided that George was to get in the boat and row around to the other side as best he could.

After seeing George off, Dick walked back to camp alone. He arrived there before George, and spent the time until his friend's arrival in looking about the place more care-

fully. When the boat had been securely tied, both boys turned their attention to the pile of lumber at the rear of the hut. It took some time before the boys were satisfied with their examination of the timber and the tools. At last they decided that with a good deal of work and some close planning, a fairly good boat could be made.

By this time both boys were very tired and agreed to wait a day or two before beginning to build the boat.

As soon as supper was over Dick and George made ready for bed.

"Do you know what I think?" said Dick, as he crawled in bed beside his chum.

"Well what?" asked George, sleepily.

"I think that the £10,000 are hidden right here in this house!"

"Haven't you forgotten that yet?" laughed George.

"No, and I can't until I find it," Dick replied.

George soon fell asleep, but Dick lay for a long time looking out at the stars and trying to devise some way of finding the money.

CHAPTER XI.

Ten Thousand Pounds! Wow!

When Dick awoke next morning, the sun was shining brightly. Through one window of the hut he could see a wide expanse of sparkling blue sea; through the other, the green trees of the island, still fresh in the coolness of the early morning.

Turning over, he found that George was still in the land of dreams. Dick lay quietly thinking for a few moments, then, slipping out of bed, he quickly dressed and began to tip-toes around the room.

"Oh, if I could only find it!" He whispered to himself, as he examined every chink and crevice in the walls and floor, in a vain attempt to discover some secret trap-door or

hollow log in which the money might have been hidden.

"Nothing doing!" he exclaimed at last. "Might as well stop and have some breakfast."

So saying, he picked up a large gourd, which made a good substitute for a water pail, and started for the spring.

The next fifteen minutes passed quickly, for there was wood to be brought from the clearing and a fire to be kindled in the fireplace. Dick worked busily, now and then whistling under his breath. As he was placing another stick on the fire, he noticed that the iron crane, from which the kettle hung, was very insecure, and, going over to the bureau where the tools were kept, he took a hammer, intending to fix it at once and so prevent an accident. Not thinking

that the fire had been kindled long enough for the iron to become heated, he was much surprised to receive a slight burn when his fingers touched it. The hammer slipped to the floor, striking the bricks before the fireplace. A faint echo came back.

"By Jove, that sounded hollow," the boy exclaimed, hastily getting down on his knees and beginning to tap the bricks with his hammer. "Just wait till I get a chisel. I'll find out."

In another moment he had pried up several of the bricks. There, fitted into a nicely hollowed-out space under the bricks, was a strong iron box. Dick soon had the box out on the floor of the hut. To jerk off the lid was the work of an instant. The box was full of gold coins.

"George, George, I've found it! I've found it!" cried Dick.

"What are you yelling about? One would think there was a band of cannibals around here," exclaimed George, suddenly starting up and rubbing his eyes.

"The ten thousand pounds! Wow! I've found the money!" answered Dick.

"Oh, you haven't," cried George, jumping up and running to where Dick was bending over the treasure. "Well, I'll be jiggered," he exclaimed as he caught sight of the money. "How in the world did you find it?"

Dick related the happy accident which had led to the discovery.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied now," George said when his friend had finished.

"Half of it belongs to you, George, you

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know that," replied Dick. "Now I think we had better be getting some breakfast. I'm getting mighty hungry."

After eating a hearty meal, the boys spent the remainder of the morning in counting the money and in exploring the southern part of the island. In the afternoon they decided to commence building their boat and spent the time until almost dark working with saw and hammer.

Almost as soon as supper was over, George said:

"Let's be getting to bed. I'm almost tired out."

"All right," said Dick, "but first let me have another look at the money."

He went over to the fire-place and, prying up a few of the bricks, opened the treasure box.

"Won't we have a good time when we get back to New York?" said George.

"Yes and won't our people be surprised when they hear our story?" Dick answered.

The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months. The boys worked away steadily at their boat, making good use of the material and tools which they had at hand. At last the little craft was almost ready to be launched. It was about thirty feet in length with a seven foot beam. Over part of the boat they had built a small hood for a protection from the weather. In the stern, Dick managed to construct a place large enough to hold the box of money, and yet, so well concealed that even George's keen eyes were unable to discover the opening without help. It took two days to launch the boat. The next day the boys

took her out for a trial in the open sea. Under the skilful guidance of George the trip was a great success.

"Well, if we don't reach Genoa now, I'm badly mistaken," exclaimed Dick, as he jumped ashore.

"When do you think we can start, Dick?" said George.

"Let me see—this is Tuesday. Well, we ought to be ready to sail by Monday," answered Dick.

"Do you know that Monday will be George Washington's birthday?" George exclaimed.

"If that is the case, we will have to celebrate by leaving this lonely island," said Dick.

"I've been thinking," said George, "that it would be a good plan for us to go hunt-

ing, kill all the game we can, cook it and take it along with us. Of course it wouldn't keep so very long, but it would taste good while it did last."

"A good idea," said Dick, "and we will do it tomorrow, but what shall we shoot with? We haven't any guns. I guess we will have to use a bow and arrow like the Indians. Come on, let's get to work and make some."

After finding two sticks, each about three feet long, they set to work with some strong twine, which they had found in one of the bureau drawers, to make the bows.

"Now for the arrows," said George.

Going over to where the pile of lumber had been, he managed to find a few suitable sticks. The boys then began to whittle out some arrows.

"Can't kill anything with these," said Dick.

"We can make them sting, anyhow," George answered.

The rest of the day was spent in doing odd jobs about the cabin and the boat and in talking about the future.

Early the next morning the boys set out on their hunting expedition. They wished to return by noon, so as to have a chance to clean and cook their game.

"I think we had better separate," said George. "In that way we can cover the ground faster. I will go to the North, while you hunt around here."

"All right," answered Dick, and started off into the woods at George's left.

In about two hours Dick was back at

camp with several birds and three squirrels. George was not so successful. He did not come in until almost noon, and then he had only a few birds.

"What luck, Dick?" he asked.

Dick showed his game.

"Well, you beat me," said George.

After dinner the boys cleaned and cooked their birds. When cooked and thoroughly cooled, they were wrapped in palm leaves and stowed aboard the boat, which, I must add, they had named the "Diamond Joe."

Monday morning came. The sun was shining brightly and there was a good breeze blowing from the south-west. At six o'clock the boys were ready to set sail.

"Good-bye to you, little hut," said Dick, as he closed the door and followed George down to the boat.

"Sure we haven't forgotten anything?" George asked.

"No, I don't think so," replied Dick, as he pushed off.

In less time than it takes to tell, the boys had the "Diamond Joe" guided out of the sunny cove into the ocean.

CHAPTER XII.

Captured by Pirates.

"Well, good-bye to 'Lonely Island,'" said George, waving his cap in the air.

"Yes, good-bye to you!" cried Dick, "you have been a good friend to us."

"I should say so," agreed George, "and don't forget that by coming here, we have both been made rich."

"That's right," said Dick. "Let's give three cheers for 'Lonely Island.'"

The cheers were given with a will and then the boys turned their attention to the boat.

"Which direction do you think we had better take?" asked George.

"I confess I don't know," answered Dick.

There was a pause lasting several minutes. Then George said:

"When we were thrown overboard, the 'Polly' must have been forty or fifty miles to the north-west of the island."

"Yes," replied Dick.

"Then," said George, looking up at the sun, " don't you think that it would be the best plan to sail directly north? Sooner or later, we are bound to reach the south coast of Italy."

"All right," said Dick, as he turned the tiller and directed their course northward.

Two or three days passed, but no land was seen. Far away on every side stretched the sea, unbroken by even the sail of a ship. The boys began to think that they had taken the wrong direction, but at last, early one morning, they were overjoyed to dis-

cover a sail to the north-west. Dick caught sight of the tiny speck first.

"George," he cried, "come here."

"What do you want?" called George from the hood.

"Come and see if you can make out what that dot over to our port is."

Strolling over to the bow, George shaded his eyes with his hands and took a long look to the northwest.

"It looks like a sail to me, but wait until I get the glasses. We'll soon find out."

He disappeared for a moment and returned with a pair of marine glasses, which the boys had taken with them when they left the hut.

In a minute he exclaimed:

"Dick, it is a sailing vessel and is heading our way. You had better head our boat toward her."

"All right," said Dick. "Can you make out what flag she flies?"

"No," replied George.

In an hour the big vessel was about a mile away.

"She doesn't fly any flag," said George.

"Don't you think we had better let them come along side?" asked Dick.

"Good enough," answered George, as he began to reef the sails.

Dick noticed that the sails on the big vessel were also being lowered. A few moments later, a boat manned by six men was lowered over the side of the ship. The men looked burly and rough, and, with long strokes of their oars, sent the little skiff moving rapidly over the waves toward the "Diamond Joe."

"I don't like the looks of those chaps," observed George.

"Nor I," replied Dick.

In a few minutes the small boat reached the side of the "Diamond Joe." At once with grappling hooks and a rope the men made the two boats fast, and before the boys realized what was happening, three of the men had climbed aboard. They were all dark-haired, dark-skinned, and evil-looking. Each man carried in his belt two pistols and a short cutlass. Up to this time not a word had been spoken on either side. The three strangers advanced close to the boys, and one, who seemed to be the leader, demanded in broken English who they were and where they were going in that little boat.

"We are Americans," answered George, "who were cast on a desert island. We built this boat and set sail for Genoa. Can you tell us how far away we are?"

The man paid no attention to George's question, but said gruffly:

"American, are ye? From what ship?"

"The 'Polly,' answered Dick, "and who are you," he added boldly.

"I am one of the 'Red Pirates,' answered the man, "and you are my prisoners. Search the boat, boys," he added turning to the two men standing near.

The men entered the hood, and their leader began to signal someone on board the large vessel.

"We're in a scrape now, for sure," whispered George.

"If only they don't find the money," Dick said.

"It's hidden too well for them to find," replied George. "Be sure not to mention a thing about it."

"It isn't likely we'll ever see it again,"

said Dick, gloomily, "they'll probably take us on board their ship and sink the 'Diamond Joe."

"Well, I don't see as we can do anything," answered George.

Hearing the sound of whispering, the leader of the pirates turned around and roughly commanded the boys to keep quiet. The other two men soon returned after a fruitless examination of the boat, and all three searched the prisoners thoroughly, but found nothing of any value.

Then Dick and George were hurried into the pirates' little boat by the leader, who ordered two of the men to remain on board the "Diamond Joe" until they received other orders from the captain. In a few minutes they were at the side of the big vessel. A rope ladder was thrown down

from the deck of the ship and the leader ordered the boys to ascend first. When they stepped over the rail, they met with a startling surprise, for before them stood a man whom they knew only too well. It was the little Frenchman who had been wounded in the shoulder by Dick and taken to the American Consul. He was not at all surprised to see them, for he had discovered the "Diamond Joe" and had recognized the boys before sending out the small boat to capture them.

"Ha, my fine birds, I have you at last," he said with an evil smile.

"Yes, you have us for a time," answered Dick, who had partly recovered from his surprise.

"You'll not escape me now," answered the man. "Tomorrow morning at sun-rise both of you will be shot."

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Hands of the Enemy.

"What!" exclaimed both boys together.

"I'm going to shoot both of you within the next twenty-four hours."

"Well," said George, "you may kill us, but you will have to suffer the consequences, for within an hour after we are dead, you will be in the hands of Captain Echam of the United States Navy."

This we know was not true, but George thought he could make the pirates believe it and thus save their lives for the time being.

"What do you mean?" asked the Frenchman, looking a little astonished.

"I mean that the 'Polly' is not more than fifty miles from here."

"Oh, oh, you can't bluff me like that! I can't waste any more time talking to you. Here, Bill and Jean, take these young prisoners to the brig."

The last words were addressed to two sailors standing nearby. The men started to obey, but Dick was too quick for them, and, jumping back to the ship's rail, he exclaimed:

"I would rather take my own life than be killed by a villain like you!"

Then, before anyone could stop him, Dick leaped overboard.

The Frenchman gave a gasp of astonishment and rushed over to the rail, followed by George and several sailors.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his belt, but Dick was nowhere in sight.

"He'll rise in a minute, Captain De-Bate," said one of the sailors, addressing the little Frenchman.

"Oh, Dick," groaned George, "why did you do it? Why did you leave me?"

"Here, Jean, take this young cub to the brig before he takes it into his head to follow his chum," snarled Captain DeBate, "and mind you, stay on guard until I send someone to take your place."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jean.

This conversation had been carried on in French, and until Jean seized him by the arm and began to drag him away, George did not know what they were talking about. When they reached the door of the brig, the man drew a key from his pocket and unlocking it, motioned for George to enter. Realizing that nothing could be gained by

resistance, the boy entered the little room. At once the door was shut and locked and George heard the regular tramp of the pirate's boots as he paced back and forth outside.

Meanwhile, Captain DeBate had ordered a small boat to be lowered and a thorough search to be made for Dick. Perhaps some young reader may think that he had committed suicide, but I am glad to say this was not Dick's intention when he jumped overboard.

While George had been talking to the Captain, Dick's glance happened to stray to the stern, where a boy of about his own age was standing. When the boy saw Dick looking his way, he raised his hands and began to spell these words with his fingers:

"J-u-m-p o-v-e-r-b-o-a-r-d. S-w-i-m

a-r-o-u-n-d h-e-r-e. M-e h-e-l-p y-o-u e-s-c-a-p-e."

These words he repeated and Dick nodded his head a little to show he understood. Then the boy spelled:

"D-o-n-'t t-e-l-l y-o-u-r f-r-i-e-n-d. H-e e-s-c-a-p-e a-f-t-e-r-w-a-r-d-s."

Dick again nodded his head. As he did so, he heard Captain DeBate order the boys to be locked up in the brig.

"Now or never," thought Dick to himself.

What happened we already know. When the boy struck the water, he was about sixty feet from the stern, but, being a good swimmer, he reached it in a little over two minutes. He swam under water most of the way, for he knew that if the pirates

should catch sight of him, it would be impossible to escape. A rope ladder was hanging down to the water when Dick reached the stern. He was about to mount it, but a boy's voice cried:

"Wait!"

Instantly, Dick dropped back into the water, although he did not loosen his grasp on the ladder. In a few minutes the boy rescuer peered over the side of the ship and made signs for Dick to ascend.

"Follow me," said the boy pirate, when he was safely aboard, and he cautiously led the way to a trap door opening into the hold of the ship.

"Go down here," he whispered in Dick's ear, "and hide until you hear me whistle."

"All right," answered Dick, as he began to descend the ladder into the hold.

of truce. When within a few paces of the barricade, he halted and awaited the approach of the French captain who had stepped from behind the earthworks. The Frenchman was not as tall as Lieutenant Jacob but seemed to be a surly fellow. In very bad English he asked what the Americans wished.

"We are here to protect the rights of American citizens," answered the brave lieutenant.

"Protect!" sneered the captain.

"You will be sorry if you do not let me and my men through without a fight." said Lieutenant Jacob.

"Never!" answered the other.

The lieutenant at once turned and walked back to his waiting men.

"Attention," he said. "Boys, we have a very dangerous undertaking before us. They

have six times as many men as we, besides the advantage of breast-work for protection."

"We will show those Frenchmen what twenty-five brave Americans can do." answered one of the men.

"Yes! Yes!" chorused the rest.

"I am glad to hear my men say that," said the lieutenant. "Then I know that you are willing to fight to the last."

In a moment the command "Forward, March!" was given, and with a shout the men started across the bridge. Not a shot was fired by either side until the sailors were half way across. Then a volley of shots came from the breast-work, and Lieutenant Jacob, who was in advance of the others, threw up his hands and fell forward. At once the sailors gathered anxiously around him.

"Is he dead?" asked several voices.

"No, not yet," answered George who was bending over the lieutenant, "but he will not live long."

At that moment another volley of shots came from the French, but their aim was poor and no damage was done. The sailors, however, instead of continuing the charge so bravely commenced, stood irresolute, until George seized the lieutenant's sword and shouted.

"Charge boys! Don't give up!"

At once the sailors rushed forward with George in the lead. Not until they were within a few feet of the breast-works did George give the order to fire. When the smoke cleared away, the sailors saw a great confusion going on among the Frenchmen behind the barricade.

"Forward, charge!" again shouted George, as he rushed forward and leaped over the breastwork, followed by his companions.

"Remember Lieutenant Jacobs!" shouted one of the sailors and then, with a cheer for their poor leader, the fight began in dead earnest. In the midst of the struggle George stumbled and fell flat on his back. Before he could rise, he found himself held down by a fierce looking Frenchman who was about to run him through with a sword.

"Don't!" George cried, but the Frenchman only pressed him closer to the ground. Suddenly came the crack of a rifle and the Frenchman dropped his sword as he pitched to one side, shot through the back.

George lost no time in getting to his feet and rushing into the thick of the fight. The Frenchmen had been forced slowly back and

just as George reached the front, they started in full retreat.

"Hurrah for 'Old Glory!'"

"Hurrah for the 'Stars and Stripes!'" cried the sailors and started in pursuit.

While the American sailors had been fighting so bravely against the unfriendly French, the American citizens at Cham's residence were fighting another band of Frenchmen who were trying to capture or kill them before assistance could arrive. John Cham and his friends held their own bravely and succeeded in driving away their enemies just as the sailors came rushing up to the house.

With a cheer the American citizens rushed out to meet the sailors. Although the skirmish (for it was little more), lasted but a few minutes, several were killed on both sides. The Americans had three men wounded and

four killed, while the French suffered the loss of about fifteen—killed and wounded.

After many congratulations from John Cham and his friends, George asked them to gather together their most valuable belongings and return with the sailors to the ship. When all was ready half of the men carried the dead and the wounded, the little party marched slowly back to the wharf. Half the party was obliged to remain behind, as the little boat was not large enough to carry all at once.

George, with six sailors, who bore the body of the brave lieutenant and the American citizens started in the first boat for the "Polly." They were soon aboard, and George, at once, gave Captain Echam a short account of the events, omitting however, the part he himself had played in the skirmish.

After seeing to the comfort of the citizens, the captain ordered the sailors to assemble on the deck, where he told them of the death of Lieutenant Jacob. There was silence when he finished speaking, for the Lieutenant had been a general favorite among the men. The flag was then lowered to half mast and every mark of respect shown to the dead.

The sailors who had been in the fight did not leave the story of George's bravery long untold, and, to his own surprise, he received many attentions and congratulations. The "Polly" was soon on her way back to Havre. Shortly after her arrival in port, John Cham and the other Americans were landed. Mrs. Cham thanked George for his share of the rescue.

"I only did my duty," replied the boy.

"Duty!" said Mrs. Cham, "why there isn't

one out of a hundred who would have done what you did."

Lieutenant Jacob and the others who had been killed were buried in the quiet old French cemetery at Havre, with all the ceremonies and honors due to them.

Two days later the captain received word from the consul, Mr. Mill, that the American citizens, including Cham and his wife, expected to sail for their home country on the next ship.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Stormy Night on the Mediterranean.

A month later found the "Polly" on the Mediterranean sea, bound for Genoa, Italy, on a friendly visit. The trouble in France was over for the time, Louis Philippe having accepted the crown of France. Charles X, the deposed monarch, and his minister had fled to England, where, at first, they took refuge in Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, but later, Hollyrood Castle at Edinburgh, became their residence.

Before leaving France, the captain had added to his muster roll two sailors who claimed to be Americans, and who wanted to join the crew for a time. Neither of the men seemed inclined to become acquainted

with their new companions. One of them, Sam Reid, by name, seemed to take an unaccountable dislike to George and Dick, and delighted to make things unpleasant for the two boys whenever possible.

One day, soon after entering the Mediterranean, Dick was sent with a package of coffee to one of the cooks. As he stepped into the hall he noticed someone ahead of him.

"It looks like Sam Reid," thought Dick, "wonder what he's here for."

As Dick tried to pass the man, Sam raised his left foot and gave Dick a hard kick on the shins.

"Ow!" yelled Dick, dropping the package of coffee and facing the man. "What did you do that for?" he demanded indignantly.

"What's that to you?" sneered Reid, as he started up the stairs leading to the deck.

"Hold on, I demand an explanation," cried Dick, as he started up the stairs after the rapidly retreating figure.

"You want an explanation, do you?" cried Reid, suddenly wheeling around and facing the boy. "Well, here it is!" As he spoke he aimed a blow at Dick's head, but the youth was too quick for him and dodged to one side, while Reid skinned his knuckles on the opposite wall.

"You young cub," he exclaimed. "I've a notion to give you a good thrashing."

"Better not try it," advised Dick.

At that moment foot-steps were heard coming toward them.

"I'll get even with you some day, just you wait," growled Reid, moving off.

Dick picked up his package of coffee and

delivered it to the cook, returning from his errand by way of the after deck.

"Looks as though we were in for a storm," he remarked to the officer of the after deck.

"Just what we are, my boy," replied the officer, "and you know that a storm in the Mediterranean is not very pleasant."

Dick went on about his work, and half an hour later the storm broke in a fury of thunder and lightning. After supper he met George below deck. The storm was still raging.

"This is fierce!" shouted George in Dick's ear.

"I should say so!" Dick shouted back.

After a little more talk, Dick told his chum about the strange behavior of Sam Reid.

"Did you report him?" asked George.

"No, what was the use? He would have denied everything and——"

"You would have been punished for commencing a quarrel and reporting falsely," said a rough voice at their backs.

Turning around the boys found themselves face to face with Sam Reid himself.

"Do you say that I started the trouble?" Dick demanded. "If so, you are a liar."

"Take that back, you young cub, or I may give you the thrashing of your life," said Reid.

"Try it, I'd like to see you!" replied Dick.

"Shut up, you young villain," exclaimed Reid angrily.

This was too much for Dick, and without thinking twice he struck Reid a stinging blow on the chin which sent the fellow struggling to the floor.

"Wha — what did you hit me for, you— you—"

"Don't you dare to call me another name!" said Dick, his eyes flashing.

"You will suffer for this," said Reid angrily, as he struggled to his feet.

"Don't fight him, Dick," said George, "he is nothing but a bully."

"I don't care," answered Dick, hotly, "I'll show him that he can't bully me!"

Before George could speak again, Reid made a mad rush at Dick. Although the boy was on the alert, he received a blow on the side of the head, which sent him to the floor. In an instant his opponent was upon him.

"A fight! A fight!" cried several sailors who had gathered around the two.

"Now you're at my mercy," sneered Reid.

Dick, however, nothing daunted, continued to struggle, although against great odds.

"That's not a fair fight—a man against a boy," said an old sailor. "Shiver my timbers if it is."

But soon Dick began to have the advantage over the man, who breathed heavily and appeared tired. All at once a shout went up from the watching sailors. Dick had suddenly freed his right arm by a quick jerk and had dealt a blow on Reid's nose which sent him reeling to one side with the blood running from his nostril. In a second, Dick was on his feet. Shaking his fist in the bully's face he cried—

"Have you had enough?"

"Don't! Don't!" cried Reid.

"Have you had enough?" repeated Dick.

"Yes, yes," gasped the man.

The sailors crowded around Dick, with hearty congratulations and praise, for he was a general favorite.

"Good boy, good boy!" cried George, as he pounded his friend on the back.

Reid had risen to his feet and sulkily turned to leave. At the door he turned, and shaking his fist at Dick, said, "I'll get even with you for this."

"Keep your distance, if you don't want another bloody nose," laughed Dick.

"You'll see, you'll see," said Reid as he hurried away.

"Keep your eye on that man, lad," said a sailor to Dick.

"I will that," answered Dick.

The storm, which I had mentioned before was now at its height. The "Polly" was rolling and tossing among the great waves and

Arriving at its foot he found himself in utter darkness.

At last, when he had groped about for some time among the boxes and piles of booty which nearly filled the hold, he succeeded in finding a comfortable place to wait for the return of the boy pirate.

On the deck, Captain DeBate was pacing up and down, clinching his fists and cursing himself for having allowed Dick to take his own life, as he supposed that the boy had done. He cared more for the capture of Dick than of George, for, as we know, it was Dick who had shot him in the shoulder, when the boys were his prisoners in the old house in Havre, France.

The small boat had returned with the report that no trace of Dick could be found.

"What seems strange to me," said Noble,

the first mate, "is that he did not come to the surface before drowning."

"If you fellows had been a little quicker about obeying orders, he never would have escaped," growled the captain in a rage. "We may as well get underway now," he continued. "Noble, give orders to tow the boat that belongs to those two American dogs. After we are started come to me for further orders."

In the brig, poor George was sitting and thinking over the events of the last few hours.

"Poor Dick," he said, "oh, why did he take his life?" And the tears came to George's eyes.

After a time, the ship commenced to roll and toss, and George knew that they were underway. As nearly as he could guess, it

was about half-past four in the afternoon when he noticed that a slip of paper had been pushed under the door. Wondering what it could be, he walked over and picked it up. Holding it up to the light, George managed to read the hastily scrawled words "Don't drink any tea for supper. A friend."

What did it mean? Who had put it there? Why was the warning given? These were the questions which surged through George's mind. So he really had a friend, here, among this blood-thirsty band of pirates.

While he was thinking over the incident, the door opened and a guard entered, carrying a tray.

"Here's ye'r supper," he growled in broken English. "Eat hearty, for it's the last meal you'll get."

"Did you find my chum?" asked George eagerly.

The man made no reply but, after looking at George with a wicked leer on his face, for a minute, turned and went out again, locking the door behind him.

Left alone, George began to think seriously of what the pirate had said. Could it be possible that in the morning he would be killed, out there in mid-ocean, away from home and friends. What would his father and mother do if they knew of his plight. Surely there must be some way of escape. He would try to gain his freedom, even though he perished in the attempt. He knew that it would not be safe to make the attempt until dark, so he sat in the gathering dusk, unmindful of his supper, left untasted on the tray, trying to think out the best way of escape.

At last, worn out with planning, the poor boy threw himself on a pile of old sails and tried to sleep. But sleep he could not. His thoughts kept turning to Dick, his chum. How long he lay thinking, George did not know. All noises on deck had ceased, even the regular tramp, tramp, of the guard outside the door, when suddenly the sound of quick footsteps was heard, the door was hastily unlocked and an eager voice cried:

"George, George, where are you?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Tables Turned.

How long Dick waited for the return of the boy pirate, he did not know. He, also, knew that the ship was under way, but he did not care for that so long as there was the slightest chance of escape. His thoughts turned again and again to George. He wondered where his chum was and whether or not their new boy friend had given him any help. What had become of the "Diamond Joe?" Had the pirates discovered the treasure? Busy with these questions, Dick did not notice or care much about the discomforts of his position. Suddenly he was startled by a low whistle. Turning, he saw in the dim light, the boy pirate standing at the foot of the ladder.

"Here," whispered Dick.

The boy advanced cautiously and produced some bread and meat from his pocket.

"Here's ye'r supper," he said.

"Thanks," answered Dick, and began to eat at once.

"What's your name?" asked the boy.

"Dick Baker. What is yours?"

"Tom," was the answer.

"Tom," repeated Dick, "what is the other name?"

"Haven't any other name."

"You haven't! How's that?" asked Dick.

"Well, you see it was this way," Tom answered. "When I was a little fellow, I was carried away by our captain, and I have been on this ship ever since."

"Did you ever ask the captain what your

last name was?" asked Dick, after a pause.

"Yes," Tom replied, "more than once."

"What did he say?"

"Well he just swore and said it was none of my business."

"How long has that little Frenchman been captain of this band of pirates?" was Dick's next question.

"Off and on, ever since he took me away from my father's ship," answered Tom.

After a moment Dick said:

"Tom, you know you promised to help George and me escape. What is your plan?"

"Just this," said Tom, and he began to whisper his plans in Dick's ear.

How well they succeeded, we shall soon learn.

Fifteen minutes later, the boy left Dick

and made his way to the deck. In another moment, a dark figure could have been seen sneaking along the passage-way which led to the gallery. It was Tom, the boy pirate. Arriving at the gallery door, he peeped in through the key hole.

"The coast is clear," he muttered, as he lifted the latch and stepped inside. After taking a careful survey of the room, to be sure that no one was near, Tom stepped over to the stove and lifted the lid of the tea-pot. Producing a small package from his pocket, he sprinkled its contents into the tea. Then he hurried out on deck again where he talked to the mate for a time. Soon he strolled over to the brig and started a conversation with the guard.

"Keep watch here, will you, till I get a drink?" asked the man.

"Sure," said Tom, seating himself by the door.

It was while the guard was absent that Tom succeeded in writing and slipping under the door the note which George found.

As usual, Tom drank no tea for supper, but all the rest of the pirates did. They seemed to enjoy it, for several of them, including the Captain, drank a third cup.

"Good tea," several remarked.

"I guess Jed is trying to outdo himself after the scolding he had this morning," said another.

Jed was the cook who had been severely reprimanded by Captain DeBate for serving the tea too weak.

As he was leaving, the Captain ordered supper to be taken to the prisoner.

"He won't need any breakfast," he added with a wicked sneer.

The next few hours passed quietly on board the "De Morgan." Every pirate was sleeping soundly, even the man at the wheel had given up to an overpowering drowsiness which crept over him, and had fallen asleep at his post. Tom had quietly taken his place. The guards were lying on the deck fast asleep, others were asleep over their game of cards. For two hours longer, Tom kept his place, then spiking the wheel, he ran over to the halliards. In a few minutes he had reefed the sails. This accomplished, he hurried to the hold and called to Dick:

"Come on, the coast is clear. Everyone of them is sleeping like a log."

Dick was beside Tom in a minute.

"Now, Tom," he said, "where is George? We must release him first of all."

"That's right," said Tom heartily. "Come with me," and he led the way to the brig.

Arriving at the door, Tom stooped and searched the pockets of the guard until he found a bunch of keys. Selecting one, he fitted it into the latch, unlocked the door and threw it wide open. I will not attempt to describe the joy of the two boys at their meeting.

"Dick, is it really you?" cried George, grasping his friend's hand.

"Sure," replied Dick. "Say, but I'm glad to see you again, old fellow!"

"But how came you here?" asked George, "I thought you were drowned."

"Oh, you did?" laughed Dick, "well, you see that I am still here among the living.

I want to introduce to you the one who has saved our lives," he continued. "Here, Tom, come out and show yourself."

"I guess you have heard from me before," said Tom to George.

"How is that?" asked George.

"Why, you got my note, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know it came from you."

"Well, it has," answered Tom.

"Why didn't you want me to drink any tea for supper?" asked George.

"We can talk about that later on," said Tom. "Come, we must be getting to work now."

As they stepped over the body of the pirate who had been guarding George, Tom said:

"As I disarm these men, you two may carry them down into the hold."

"Aren't you afraid they'll wake up when we lift them and raise a row?" asked George.

Both Dick and Tom laughed heartily.

"Well, if they wake up within the next ten hours, then the stuff I put in the tea didn't have much effect," said Tom.

By this time, Tom had finished searching the guard.

"Now carry him below, while I search the others," he said.

"All right," answered Dick, and, stepping over, he lifted the man by the shoulders, while George took hold of the fellow's feet.

Thus, one by one, the pirates were disarmed and carried to the ship's hold. Not

one of them roused while he was being carried away.

"Now for the Captain and the mate," cried Tom, when all the rest of the pirates were cared for. "Follow me, boys," he continued, leading the way down into the cabin.

On the large, square table, a lighted candle was burning low in its socket. Near by, stretched out at full length on the floor lay Captain DeBate. Stepping over to his side Tom said with a laugh:

"Ah, my fine captain! So the tea was so good that you drank a cup more than usual. Well, that is all right, but you must give me the credit for making it so good."

While speaking, Tom had been bending over searching the captain. Raising up, he handed the boys two pearl-handled revolvers.

"Take them to remember your friend by," he said, laughing heartily.

But both boys refused, saying that they did not believe in taking anything which did not belong to them.

"Well, maybe you are right," said Tom thoughtfully, after a moment.

When the captain and his mate, who was found in his stateroom, has been carried to the hold, the boys drew the ladder up and fastened the trap door securely.

"Now, Tom," said Dick, when all was finished, "we want to get to Genoa as soon as we can."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Tom. "You boys hoist the sails while I handle the wheel."

In a short time they were well under way again. Then, while Tom took his turn at the wheel, George and Dick sat down near-

by and talked over the events of the day. An hour before daylight, Tom ordered them to lie down and take a nap. They did not go down into the cabin, but lay on the deck, using their coats for pillows. When they awoke, the sun was shining brightly. George was the first to open his eyes. For an instant, he did not remember where he was.

"Oh, now I know where we are," he cried. "Dick, Dick, wake up." And George shook poor Dick by the shoulder until he opened his eyes.

"Good morning, boys," said Tom from his post at the wheel. "It seems that you fellows slept later than your prisoners."

"What!" ejaculated both boys.

"Yes, don't you hear them? They are making enough noise to wake the dead."

It was true. The pirates were shouting and cursing at the top of their voices, while they banged and pounded the walls, ceiling and door of the hold in a vain attempt to escape.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Dick, "Those fellows certainly want to get out. For some reason, they don't like it down there."

"Do you know what time it is?" asked George.

"About nine o'clock," answered Tom. "If one of you will take the wheel, I'll get the breakfast."

"All right, go ahead," said George, stepping up and taking Tom's place. "I'm as hungry as a bear. Why, I didn't eat any supper last night," he added.

"I'll have some breakfast in a few min-

utes," Tom said. "I expect those chaps down in the hold are hungry too. Perhaps they want some more tea," he added, laughing heartily.

When Tom had gone to the gallery, George said to Dick, who was at his side:

"Do you know who Tom reminds me of?"

"Just the question I was going to ask of you," replied Dick, "for my part, I think he resembles Captain Echam a good deal."

"A good deal! Well, I should say he does resemble Captain Echam," answered George, "but tell me, Dick, how did you fall in with Tom?"

Dick told the story of his adventure. When he finished, George told of the long hours he had passed in the brig.

"Dick," called Tom from the door of the

gallery, "come and help me carry this basket of grub to the prisoners."

"Ay, ay," cried Dick, running down the companionway.

"Let me tie this rope around the handle, first," said Tom, "so we can lower it through the trap door."

Together they carried the heavy basket to the ship's hold.

"Whatever you do," commanded Tom, "don't ask or answer any questions, for it will only make them more anxious than ever to get out and kill us."

With these words, he lifted the door just far enough to lower the basket. From below came a terrible shout.

CHAPTER XV.

The "Polly" and the Last Hours of Captain DeBate.

"What is the meaning of this, boy?"

"Let us out!"

"Say, you young cub, you will suffer for this when we get out."

These, and various other shouts were heard as Tom raised the door, but the loudest and most surprising of all came in the voice of Captain DeBate.

"Tom Echam, you young rascal, how dare you treat your captain in this way! Throw down that ladder at once if you know what is good for you."

"No thanks," answered Tom, "we will not let you out just yet. Thanks awfully,

for telling me my last name. I've been anxious to know it for some time."

"Confound it!" muttered the captain angrily.

Then, as the door was closing, he caught sight of Dick peering down into the hold.

"The boy who drowned himself yesterday," he gasped. "What does it mean?"

"It means, Captain DeBate," shouted Dick, with his face close to the door, "that you and your band are prisoners in the name of the United States Government."

"On what charges?" the captain thundered back.

"For plundering the high seas and for kidnapping the son of Captain Echam," was the prompt reply of Dick. "Come on, Tom," he added, turning to his friend, "let's get some breakfast. I'm about starved."

Tom was standing perfectly still, looking eagerly at Dick.

"Oh, Dick," he cried, "do you really think that I am the son of Captain Echam?"

"Yes, I do," answered Dick.

"I only hope that it is so," said Tom earnestly.

Both boys then hurried back to the gallery, where they prepared a breakfast, which, as George said later, was good enough for a king.

While they were eating, Tom asked:

"Dick, what makes you think I am Captain Echam's son?"

"The thought first occurred to me," answered Dick, "when I noticed how much you resembled the captain in looks. Then you heard Captain DeBate call you, Tom Echam. Lastly, I have heard a story about a son of Captain Echam who was stolen by pirates when they searched his ship. That

happened several years ago, so you see that I had some reason for my charges against your pirate captain. Now I must go and relieve George."

Going quickly to where George stood beside the wheel, Dick told him in a few words what had occurred.

"I'll take your place now, George," he continued, "you go and get some breakfast."

"Which I'll be mighty glad to do," answered George as he hurried away.

When breakfast was over, George helped Tom put the gallery in neat order. Then both boys went out on deck, where Tom lay down for a nap, while George, after a little chat with Dick, climbed the main mast to the cross-trees, where he made himself as comfortable as possible. His intention

was to be on the watch for any ship that might pass them at a distance. For more than three hours, George kept his seat on the cross tree, and, at length, growing tired, he was thinking of going down to relieve Dick when he happened to glance to the north. He started violently, and almost lost his balance. There, to the north, not more than a mile away, headed directly for the "De Morgan," was a good-sized vessel. Through the spy-glass, George could easily make out the colors of the "Stars and Stripes."

"Ship ahoy!" yelled George.

"Where away?" cried Tom, who had just awakened.

"To the north," answered George.

Suddenly there was a low boom from the

strange ship and a shell whizzed over the bow of the "DeMorgan."

"A signal to lay to," cried Tom.

"Oh, Dick," shouted George, as he slipped to the deck, "I believe it is the 'Polly.'"

"What's that!" exclaimed Dick. "The 'Polly'?"

"Yes," answered George, who was helping Tom to reef the sails, "she flies an American flag."

Without another word, Dick dropped the wheel and rushed to the stern of the boat. He seized the rope, with which the "Diamond Joe" was fastened to the "De Morgan" and began to pull it in, hand over hand, until the smaller boat was alongside the large vessel. Then, calling to George, who stood near, to fasten the rope securely, he

swung off in the "Diamond Joe." Soon he was back on deck again, carrying in his hand a small American flag. Hurrying to the main mast he began to ascend at topmost speed. When he reached the top, he fastened the flag securely and in another minute, "Old Glory" was floating over the "DeMorgan." A faint cheer could be heard from the deck of the now fast approaching ship.

"It's the 'Polly,'" said George, "I feel sure."

"Yes," replied Dick, breathlessly, "see the name on the bow!"

When within two hundred yards of the "DeMorgan," the "Polly's" sails were reefed and a small boat, manned by eight sturdy looking men and an officer, started for the pirate's ship. In short time the

boat had reached the ship, and the sailors were climbing over the rail when something happened which made matters look very serious for a time—the pirates down in the hold of the ship were escaping!

It happened in this way. After Tom and Dick had shut and bolted the trap-door and gone away again, dull and heavy as their minds still were from the effect of the sleeping powder which had been given them, the pirates began to realize that the boys were in earnest.

"We've got to get out of here in some way," said the first mate, after they had worn themselves out with pounding and shouting.

"Yes, and before the next ten hours, or they will be turning us over to the authorities," remarked Captain DeBate.

"How in — are we going to do it?" asked another of the pirates.

"That is the question we must try to solve," said the captain.

"What I can't understand," one of the men said, "is how them young cubs got us in this hold without our knowing a — thing about it."

"They must have doctored us in some way and carried us down while we were asleep," several of the men replied.

"Well, how in thunder could they do that?" asked the man again.

"How do we know?" answered the mate.

"Jed, you —, where are you?" snarled the captain.

"Here, sir, here I be," answered the cook.

"Was Tom or anyone else in the gallery when you were cooking supper last night?"

"No, captain, I was all alone," replied the poor cook, beginning to tremble.

"You put nothing into any of the food that would make a man go to sleep?"

"No sir, no sir," said the cook earnestly, for he well knew the violence of the captain's temper when he was thoroughly aroused.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sir."

There was a silence lasting for quite a time. All of the pirates were too dazed to think and the close, bad air of the stuffy hold made them feel very ill.

At last the first mate broke the silence.

"Well, captain," he said, "what do you think of it?"

"I think," said Captain DeBate, "that instead of sitting around here, wondering

how we came to be here, we had better plan how to get out again. If I could just get my hands on those insolent brats!" he added grinding his teeth with rage.

"Right!" agreed the pirates, and, gathering around their captain, they began to offer plans for escape.

For fully two hours, they talked and planned. Then suddenly the mate gave a great shout.

"I have it! I have it!"

"What is it?" cried all together.

"If I had only thought of it sooner," groaned the mate.

"Tell it, tell it," clamored the pirates.

"What is your plan?" asked the captain.

"We can be on deck in a few minutes," said the mate. "Captain do you remember that small door leading out of the storage on the port side?"

"Yes," answered the captain.

"Well, that leads into this hold."

"By George, I believe it does," cried one of the men.

Suddenly a deep boom sounded near the ship.

"What was that?" cried several of the sailors.

"It's a cannon, or I miss my guess," said one excitedly.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Who do you suppose would be firing a cannon here in the Mediterranean?" said another.

"Come, boys," commanded the captain, "find the door, and let's get out as soon as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," came in a chorus from the sailors.

"Follow me," said the captain, as he

started off in the direction in which he supposed the door to be. But in the darkness he missed his way and led them to the opposite side.

Thus they lost a few precious moments. After considerable hunting, one of the pirates accidentally stumbled upon the door. With a cry he flung it open, for it was unlocked, and rushed out, followed by the rest of the band. Going first to the cabin, they found it deserted, so, arming themselves with belaying pins, they made a dash for the deck.

While the pirates were escaping, the three boys had been so eagerly watching the movements of the little boat, that they had not observed the unusual commotion going on in the lower part of the ship.

Mr. Herman and five of the eight sailors

who were with him, had just clambered over the rail.

"Mr. Herman," cried both George and Dick, as they ran forward to meet their friends.

"Boys," exclaimed Mr. Herman, "this is a surprise. How came you here, of all places?"

Before either boy could reply, there was a crash and a cry in the direction of the forward companionway. Glancing quickly backward, the boys and their friends saw, to their amazement, the pirates all armed with belaying pins. The pirates were also much surprised to find themselves facing the sturdy-looking Americans, each of whom carried a pistol and cutlass. Instead of three boys, they also saw the American man-of-war, some two hundred yards to the leeward.

"What is the meaning of all this?" questioned Mr. Herman.

"The pirates!" cried George. "Why, Mr. Herman, up until last night, this boat belonged to the 'Red Star Pirates,' but last night we three boys made the pirates prisoners and claimed the ship in the name of ——"

Before George could finish, Tom broke in by saying, "The Stars and Stripes."

"Right," said George.

Mr. Herman seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Turning to his men he said:

"Draw arms!"

The sailors instantly obeyed and stood waiting for orders. The three boys also drew their pistols and took their places beside the American sailors. The pirates, who

had been holding a council of war, turned at the order to "draw arms."

"We may as well give up," said several.

"No, we don't give up," cried Captain DeBate. "The next one who says anything like that will have his brain knocked out."

Having placed hi s men in readiness for an attack, Mr. Herman advanced within twenty-five feet of the villainous pirates. Then he halted and called out:

"Do you surrender?"

"No!" fiercely replied the Captain. "Come boys," he said, turning to his men, "let's teach these Yankee dogs a lesson," and the little man, swinging the belaying pin, rushed forward, followed by his pirates.

Without waiting for orders the American sailors opened fire. Captain DeBate

threw up his hands and fell to the deck. Great confusion among his men followed.

"Surrender!" shouted Mr. Herman.

At once every belaying pin was lowered and the pirates stood sullenly waiting for further orders.

Mr. Herman directed the sailors to take the pirates, three at a time, over to the "Polly." It was found, when Captain De-Bate was examined, that he had been shot through the heart and had died instantly.

CHAPTER XVI.

Conclusion.

Half an hour later, George, Dick, and Tom stood before Captain Echam on the bridge of the "Polly."

"Glad to see you, boys," said the captain, as he grasped each boy by the hand. "But how on earth did you ever come to be with those pirates?"

"Well," said George, "it is a long story and can wait. But now, if you will permit me, I should like to ask a question or two of you."

"Certainly, fire away," answered the captain, a little surprised at George's excited manner.

"I have heard from some of the sailors,

that about eight years ago, your only son was kidnapped and that you have never seen or heard anything of him since. Is this not so, Captain?"

While George was speaking, a look of sorrow swept across the captain's face and when George had finished he muttered:

"Yes."

"What was his name?"

"Tom," said the captain softly.

"Then, sir, I think I can introduce you to your son. Tom, come forward and meet your father."

It is not my intention to describe the meeting between Captain Echam and his long-lost son. I will say, however, that never was there a happier father than the captain, who had searched, in vain, so many years for his only child. Tom, also,

was glad to see his father, of whom he had only a slight remembrance. When the first greetings were over, Captain Echam turned to Lieutenant Dicken, who was standing near, with an order to man the "DeMorgan" with sailors from the "Polly," "and" he added, turning to George and Dick, "see to it that these two boys have their wants supplied and then report to me again."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the lieutenant, promptly.

The captain turned again to his son.

"Come, son," was all he said, and the two descended arm in arm to the cabin.

"Well, boys, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Herman.

"First of all," George replied, "Dick and I would like to take a bath and have a change of clothing."

"All right, come with me and we'll see what Steward Crawford has for you."

So the three went off to the storage.

"By the way, boys, how did you happen to go overboard that stormy night?" asked Mr. Herman.

"We were thrown over," answered Dick.

"Thrown overboard!" gasped Mr. Herman. "Who on this good ship would be mean enough to do such a thing?"

"That man named Sam Reid." said George.

"What!" cried Mr. Herman, "the fellow we took aboard at Havre just before we left?"

"The same man."

"The villain," ejaculated Mr. Herman. "No wonder he deserted us at Genoa."

Now it was the boys' turn to be surprised.

"Deserted!" cried Dick, clenching his fist.

"So he deserted, did he? Well, it may be best for him, for if I had gotten my hands on him I'd have—"

What Dick was going to say was cut short by George, who exclaimed:

"None of that, Dick, for you know that if it hadn't been for Reid we would not be as rich as we are."

"That's so," said Dick.

"Rich," repeated Mr. Herman. "What's all this talk about being rich?"

"Just wait," replied Dick, mysteriously, "It's all there, George," he said in answer to an inquiring look from George. "I looked at it before we came aboard the 'Polly.'"

By this time they had arrived at the storage. Opening the door, they entered the room quietly. The steward was sitting at his desk in the opposite corner of the room,

looking over some papers. He did not notice the opening and closing of the door, nor was he conscious of the boys' presence, until Dick, who had sneaked up behind him, stuck a pin into his arm.

"Ouch!" yelled the steward, turning around quickly.

When he saw who was behind him, he started violently.

"What's the matter, Ed?" asked Dick with a cheerful grin.

"Boys!" gasped the steward. "Where did you come from?"

He shook hands heartily, and a number of questions were asked. Then the steward who was as anxious as Mr. Herman to hear the boy's story, said:

"Come, spin the whole yarn for us."

"Yes," said Mr. Herman.

So the boys were compelled to tell their story, beginning with the night of the storm and ending with the death of Captain DeBate. When they finished, the steward gave a long whistle. Both he and Mr. Herman agreed that, although it was one of the most wonderful yarns they had ever heard, still they believed every word of it.

While the two men were discussing the boys' story, Dick slipped quietly away. In a few minutes he returned, triumphantly carrying the iron box which he opened and proudly displayed the gold. The steward said that he would see that the money was kept in a safe place until they were ready for it.

"Now," said Mr. Herman, "it is almost dinner-time and I think you boys had better be taking that scrubbing you spoke of.

Steward, the captain's order is a new suit of clothes for each boy."

"Ay, ay," said the good-hearted steward, rising quickly.

Half an hour later, the boys were on deck in their new uniforms. They did not look like the same boys who had gone below an hour before. They were greeted by many with "hello, boys, how are you?" "Where've you been?" The men gathered around the two boys, who were obliged to tell their story again and again.

About three o'clock a sailor came to tell them that the captain wished to see them.

"All right," said George, "we will be there right away."

Five minutes later they entered the cabin where Tom and Captain Echam were sitting.

After the captain had thanked them heartily for what they had done in returning to him his long-lost son, and after Tom had shaken hands with the boys, he asked them to tell their story. When they had finished, he congratulated them upon their piece of good fortune in finding such a treasure on the desert island.

"And, boys," added the captain, "as you two and Tom together effected the capture of the pirates, you are each entitled to an equal share in the reward offered for the capture of this band by the different governments. All told, the money will amount to some thirty thousand dollars, which means ten thousand apiece for you three lads."

"No, sir," cried both boys, "that will not be fair."

"Why not?" asked the captain, surprised.

"We already have twenty-five thousand dollars apiece," said Dick.

"That is no reason why you should not take the ten thousand, is it?" asked the captain.

"I think, Captain," said George, "that Tom should have at least two-thirds of the prize money and that the rest should be divided equally among the officers and men of the 'Polly.'"

"So do I, said Dick emphatically.

After further argument, the captain and Tom finally agreed with the boys. Before Dick and George left the cabin, the captain invited them to supper at his table. The boys at once accepted the kind invitation. After supper, the evening was spent in talking over old times and in planning for

the future. Time passed quickly, and when the big clock on the shelf struck nine, the boys took their leave, as they had had very little sleep for several nights.

"Well, George," said the captain, as they were leaving the room, "when do you want to resume your duties as cabin boy?"

"To-morrow, sir," replied George at once.

"Good," said the captain. "Report at half past seven to-morrow."

The next morning, refreshed by a long night of quiet sleep, the boys resumed their old duties with a will. Toward noon, they came in sight of Genoa, Italy.

As the three boys stood near the rail, gazing at the beautiful old Italian city, whose slender cathedral spires and marble palace towers were gradually coming into bold relief against the dark background of

the Apennines, it seemed to them that never had the sea seemed so blue, the sky so clear, the air so bracing. The bay on which the city is situated presented a busy scene. Trading vessels, flying the flags of many nations, were bringing their supplies of wheat, sugar, coffee and raw cotton to exchange for a rich cargo of olives, lemons or silk. Among them might be seen an occasional, heavy barge or a sloop, lazily lying at anchor. Small skiffs threaded their way in and out through the ever-moving, ever-changing panorama which lay before them.

"Well, this is a busy place," commented George.

"I should say so!" said Tom.

"Hope we can get a shore leave," said Dick.

"I think we have had our leave all ready," laughed George.

"We didn't exactly ask for it, though," replied Dick good-naturedly.

The "Polly" remained at Genoa two days. On the afternoon of the second day, the captain gave the boys a shore leave of a few hours.

Arriving at the docks, they quickly made their way to the main part of the city, through streets which were little better than narrow and winding lanes. The dark streets were lined with many tall buildings, some of them, built of marble, were very beautiful and many contained collections of rare paintaings and sculptures.

The three boys thoroughly enjoyed their stroll and saw many interesting places and sights before it was time to return to the ship.

"Well, boys," said Captain Echam, when the boys were aboard the "Polly" again, "what do you think of Genoa?"

"Fine place," the three exclaimed with enthusiasm.

The captain, as soon as Genoa was reached, turned the pirates over to the Italian Government. It may be well to state here that everyone of them received a sentence for life in prison. The reward of thirty thousand dollars, offered for their capture, was paid to Captain Echam, who divided one-third of it among the officers and men of the "Polly."

When the men heard that it had been the plan of their young cabin boy, they cheered him until they were hoarse. Then George, with a flushed face thanked them. Someone shouted:

"What's the matter with Dick Baker?" So a cheer was given for Dick. This was followed by one for Captain Echam and another for the officers of the "Polly."

Early the next morning, the "Polly" set sail for America. Six weeks later, she dropped anchor in the East River, just opposite the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The following day, both George and Dick were given one month's leave of absence. Hurriedly packing their trunks, they bade good-bye to Captain Echam and Tom. They told the latter to be sure to come and pay them a visit of a week or two, which Tom gladly promised to do. The two boys then stepped into the small boat which was to carry them to the shore.

"Oh, how good it is to be back to our native land!" exclaimed George.

"You're right, old chum," answered Dick. "After all there is no place like home."

Calling a cab, they quickly stepped inside and were soon whirling along on their way home.

* * * * *

It is not my intention to describe the home-coming of the boys. Their parents were ignorant of their arrival until the boys rushed in upon them. It would have been hard to find any happier parents, anywhere, than Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Captain Echam had informed them of the mysterious disappearance of their sons on that stormy night, and they had given up all hope of ever seeing either boy again.

Tom kept his promise to the boys by coming ashore and spending a glorious two weeks with them. Captain Echam also made them a visit.

When their time was up and the two boys had returned to the "Polly," they were both presented with a commission as master mates. Both Dick and George were very much surprised.

"Oh, Dick, I'm promoted," gasped George. George.

"So am I," replied Dick.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you," said the captain who handed them their commissions.

"I'm second," cried Tom.

After a hurried hand-shaking they all

started for the deck where, to their surprise, they found the officers and men lined up upon each side of the door. When the boys appeared on the deck, a hearty cheer arose for the new master mates.

THE END.